

DUCAL DÉBUTANTES.

(With acknowledgments to the "Evening Standard" and "St. James's Gazette" of the 19th inst.)

A GOODLY company of daughters and granddaughters of Dukes are likely to be among the *débutantes* of the winter. Foremost amongst them is Lady VINOLIA BORVIL, third daughter of the Duke and Duchess of OXFORD. Lady VINOLIA is a tall, handsome, spacious girl, with terracotta hair and a salmon-pink complexion, and is an accomplished musician, playing equally well on the gramophone, the jamboon, and the kinkajou.

Lady BETSINDA BORAGE, youngest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of MULL, is just sixteen, but will probably spend the winter with her mother in the Canary Islands. She is, for the daughter of a Duke, a distinctly good-looking girl, and, like many of her contemporaries, of a decidedly athletic turn, being generally admitted to be the best titled lady hockey player in the island of Mull.

The Duchess of DONNYBROOK's three daughters, Lady PEGGY, Lady OVOCA and Lady BONANZA DARGLE, are not triplets, though their resemblance is so remarkable that the Duke constantly mistakes one for the other. Lady BONANZA's birthday, curious to relate, is on February 14, which interesting date she shares with HARRY VARDON, Mr. ARNOLD WHITE, and Admiral Togo. Lady BONANZA is a lovely girl, tall and willowy in figure, with a superb Wellington nose, dusky hair and wonderful large eau-de-Nil eyes with pale pink pupils. Her elder sister, Lady OVOCA, has a rich contralto voice, and sings in better tune than many untitled amateurs, besides playing a good game at "snooker" pool, and weighing just on 11 stone.

Lady MARSALA DAVIOT, eldest daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of CULLODEN, and granddaughter of the Duke of LEITH, is sure to come out at some of the country winter gaieties. She is extremely winsome, with wonderful gamboge hair, emerald eyes, and an astounding complexion. Lady MARSALA, who is a great favourite with the Duke, has marked literary tastes, and makes quite a handsome income by her contributions to the *Leith Pilot* and the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Her presentation was to have taken place last spring, but was postponed on account of an epidemic of measles, from which, happily, she has now completely recovered.

Another Duke's granddaughter whose *début* is imminent is Lady HESTER SALSIFY, the eldest child of the Marquis and Marchioness of SEASCALE. Lady HESTER, though a pronounced vegetarian, never misses a meet of the Thirlmere Staghounds, and has several silver-mounted brushes as trophies of her equestrian



Small Boy (to R.A., Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, etc., etc.). "OH, FATHER, IF YOU DON'T MIND, I THINK WE'LL TURN BACK HERE. THERE ARE SOME OF OUR FELLOWS COMING ALONG AND—YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, YOU KNOW—but they don't like your tie!"

prowess. Lady HESTER is known to her intimates by her charming second name of VASELINA, derived from the fact that one of her ancestors took service under GUSTAVUS VASA. She is a bright, cheery girl, with rich chestnut hair and a brilliant colouring, though she has received the most careful home education.

"CAN any lady recommend a reliable flat servant for a single lady?" This seems to be the plane cook's chance.

THE BETTER PART.

(Concerning the Kimberley-Sapwell duel, proposed and abandoned.)

"I'LL shoot you dead!" cried TWEEDLE-
DEE,
"Let's catch the evening boat."
"No guns," said TWEEDLEDUM, "for me,"
And shed his little coat.
With rage their little hearts were hot,
Till peaceful FOLKES cried "Don't!"
"Well, if you think we'd better not,"
They both replied, "we won't."

ENGLAND EXPECTS !

(Thoughts on the Nelson Centenary, October 21.)

If earthward you could wing your flight
 And look on London's central zone,
 Seizing that eligible site
 Where stands your counterfeit in stone,
 I wonder, NELSON, if your eye
 Would even form the faintest image
 Of what emotions underlie
 This tumult, this stupendous scrimmage.
 Could you desert that heavenly place
 Where sailors know their pilot-star
 To view the many-peopled space
 Named by the name of Trafalgar ;—
 Remembering how your signal ran,
 That still remains a thing of beauty,
 You might expect that every man
 This day, as then, would do his duty.
 Alas ! we have no ships afloat
 Upon the basins in the Square ;
 It is the landsman's lusty throat
 That rends to-day a saltless air ;
 And, save from such as hold the main
 To guard her pride among the nations,
 England has ceased to entertain
 Much in the way of expectations.
 O yes ! they'll shout all right enough !
 It costs them little ; noise is cheap ;
 But have they hearts of quite the stuff
 That made your loyal pulses leap ?
 They'll roar you till their midriffs ache
 Under the bunting's brave devices,
 But wouldn't lift a hand to make
 The least of all your sacrifices.
 A wind of words—and nothing more !
 But if the test were sought in deeds,
 If England asked the sons she bore
 Each man to serve the Mother's needs ;—
 If she "expected" such a debt
 To stir the blood of those that owe it,
 The sole response that she would get
 Would be, "No thanks ; not if we know it."
 Just now they pipe a patriot tune ;
 Anon they'll wonder why they spent
 A precious football afternoon
 Mafficking round a monument ;
 And myriads who go mad to-day—
 Give them a week, they'll go yet madder,
 Watching the modern heroes' fray,
 Where hirelings hoof a bounding bladder.
 Much you would have to marvel at
 Could you return this autumn-tide ;
 You'd find the Fleet—thank God for that—
 Staunch and alert as when you died ;
 But, elsewhere, few to play your part,
 Ready at need and ripe for action ;
 The rest—in idle ease of heart
 Smiling an unctuous satisfaction.
 I doubt if you could well endure
 These new ideals (so changed we are)
 Undreamed, HORATIO, in your
 Philosophy of Trafalgar ;
 And, should you still "expect" to see
 The standard reached which you erected,
 Nothing just now would seem to be
 So certain as the unexpected.

O. S.

SOMETHING WANTING.

The Perfect Lover strikes me as an imperfect play. It is described by its author, Mr. ALFRED SUMM, as "an original play," and no one, who has seen it, will care to deny either its title to originality, or the merit of its well-written dialogue. It is acted for all it is worth, and its literary and dramatic value is considerable. That Mr. SUMM does not aim at pointing a moral is evident. In the entire list of characters there is none that doeth good, except the irresponsible young daughter. The high-principled-man falls before a very slight temptation ; his ordinarily good wife has done so before him, and to her he yields. Thus far they have the model of ADAM and EVE. The criminal act of *Joseph Tremblett* (Mr. LEWIS WALLER) aids, abets, and encourages the criminality of *Lord Cardew* (Mr. FRANK MILLS), of *Lilian Tremblett* (Miss EVELYN MILLARD), and of the *Hon. Susan Lesson* (Miss HENRIETTA WATSON) ; the last of whom renounces her principles, her preaching, and her practice, in order to give the sanction of her respectability to the crime of her nephew and her god-daughter. What becomes of this trio of criminals the author does not tell us. With the fall of the curtain they have disappeared, and then are heard of no more.

Too late the unfortunate *Joseph Tremblett* and his wife *Martha* (touchingly impersonated by Miss EDITH OLIVE) repent of their digression from the path of virtue. *William Tremblett*, the villainous brother, instigator of the deed which has caused the crime,—a part strongly played by Mr. NORMAN MCKINNELL,—indeed, had the play been called *The Perfect Villain*, the reason of the title would have been more evident, — takes nothing by his motion, as *Joseph*, returning to the path of virtue, destroys the deed which would have given him twenty thousand pounds and would have made his brother a millionaire.

So the wicked brother, who did love his wife, but didn't show it, and whose wife didn't love him and did show it, loses his chance of making a fortune, and loses his wife into the bargain unless he chooses to follow her to Canada, where, if the *Hon. Susan Lesson* shall have insisted on *Lord Cardew* and *Lilian* being ever with her, always in her presence, on absolutely platonic terms, he may find that there is really no harm done, and that *Lord Cardew* and *Mrs. Tremblett*, having become pretty considerably bored by being fettered, watched, and preached at by *Miss Susan* (aunt and godmother), will both be only too ready to part company, when *William Tremblett* will return to England as a really devoted husband with a vastly improved wife. This is how it ought to end unless all principle be thrown to the winds, and *Lord Cardew*, his aunt *Susan*, and (as she must be) his mistress, *Mrs. Tremblett*, become a trio of scamps.

What is it all ? It may be simply described as an incident in the life of *Joseph Tremblett*, an incident which is fraught with awful consequences to everyone except *Joseph*, who momentarily renounced his principles and went *au diable*, but returned safe and sound. Quite possible, but as a play most unsatisfactory, suggesting the idea that the author had got his characters into a hopeless mess, out of which he could not rescue them without having to reconstruct the play or to add an Act by way of epilogue. Who is *The Perfect Lover* ? Why the name ? Does any one believe in the perfection of a love which induces a married woman to desert her husband, and go off with her old lover, even though there be a third person singular present to play propriety ?

As I have said, all the parts are capitally played, nor must the disreputable *John Collis* of Mr. ARTHUR LEWIS be omitted, as it is one of the very best things in the piece. Miss EVELYN MILLARD makes all that seems possible of a part that offers few opportunities. Miss HENRIETTA WATSON has a telling character, and it loses nothing in her hands. Miss EVE TITHERADGE is nice as *May*, the very youthful daughter, but



TO THE MEMORY OF HENRY IRVING.



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OUR EVENING ART CLASSES HAVE COMMENCED.

Mr. X. (our dear Professor, who always puts things so tellingly). "In conclusion, I can only repeat what I said last term--'It's all light and shade, ladies, whether you're painting a battle-piece, a bunch of grapes, or a child in prayer!'"

she has to invest with a natural air a creation that is neither child nor woman. Miss TITHERADGE does it well, perhaps she may yet improve upon it; but if there be a really difficult part in the piece to render naturally it is this.

As Lord Cardew Mr. FRANK MILLS is excellent. That Lord Cardew (aged between twenty-three and thirty), being a steady, sensible man, should be absolutely indifferent to making his fortune by coal unexpectedly discovered on his estate, or that he should not effect in some way a compromise between his sentimentalism and his commercial instinct, is indeed most difficult to admit as within the bounds of probability.

Incidentally in the Second Act, Miss HELEN FERRERS cleverly renders an absurd vulgarian, Mrs. Morphitt, most acceptable as some light relief to the serious interest of the play.

As to Mr. LEWIS WALLER, he is impressively natural. His long speeches are rattled off as outbursts of passion, which is just what they are intended to be. There is no fault to be found with his impersonation, except flashes of self-consciousness when the personality of the actor dominates his assumption of character. This never occurs in the earlier portions of the play. But do not we all feel that Mr. WALLER is depriving us of some rare impersonations by choosing plays in which he has to appear in conventional modern dress? Cavalier, Puritan, Monsieur Beaucaire, a Shakespearian character, or a hero of romance—what you will in costume, with passion and declamation, such are *par excellence* the parts for Mr. LEWIS WALLER. But, *exceptis excipiendis*, modern up-to-date drawing-room comedy let him regard with affectionate distrust.

At His Majesty's, *Oliver Twist* is going strong. Mr. LYNN HARDING's Bill Sikes is a performance no less striking than Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER's Nancy. Both these impersonations

will be ever memorable in the history of the stage, as will be also the fine acting of Mr. TREE, whose *Fagin*, rendered with hardened conscientiousness, is the most fiendish, ghoulish, repulsively humorous villain, a perfect realization of all the infernal, cowardly, murderously malign instincts with which the lurid imagination of CHARLES DICKENS endowed this repellent monstrosity in human form. It stands apart among Mr. TREE's many weird impersonations as a triumph of histrionic genius. When he first started in this career of crime he was a bit uncertain, but now he's as perfect a devil as anyone could desire to see.

Well contrasted with this *monstrum horrendum* is the *Oliver Twist* of Miss NELLIE BOWMAN, just the very weak little "mealy boy" of CHARLES DICKENS. Where all are so good it is difficult to single out anyone for special praise, but it would be impossible to pass over the Mr. Grimwig of Mr. GEORGE SHELTON, a difficult, eccentric, thoroughly "Dickensy" part, in which with one touch of nature, when he begs the "mealy-faced boy's" pardon, he wins the hearty and well-deserved applause of the audience. Mr. COMYNES CARE is once again to be congratulated on the success of his remarkably clever adaptation.

It is officially stated that the air on the Underground Railway is becoming purer every day, but it would be premature as yet to look for the establishment of a Garden City between Portland Road and Gower Street.

SUBMARINE A 4, which nearly caused the death of her crew in Stokes Bay, now stands in the dock charged with attempted murder.

THE SPADE'S PROGRESS:
OR, SOME ADVICE TO LADY CLODHOPPERS.

["Spade parties represent one of the latest outcomes of the mysterious delights of the herbaceous border in 'week-end' country homes, and they cost a hostess almost as much careful consideration as the male head of the family exercises when he makes his plans for a batteu. And the woman who is invited to 'bring her spade' feels not a little of that sense of prowess implied which a man experiences when reminded not to forget his gun." —*Lady's Pictorial.*]

THE recent development of spade husbandry in country-house society renders it imperative to add a new chapter or two to *Mr. Punch's Book of Etiquette*. We have pleasure in appending the groundwork or subsoil of the same.

In the first place, as smartness and vulgarity are now practically synonymous, no lady, whatever her looks, banking account or antecedents, need be ashamed to call a spade a spade. To term the now fashionable plaything, a *bêche* or a *béquille* is going out of the way to confirm the *entente cordiale*, besides confusing the gardener, who has already as much Latin as he can manage. Young girls in their first season should be chary of using dialect. It is at any rate safer to make a little *moue* when tossing off such phrases to an admirer as "Fetch I the spud, matey," "Where's the bloomin' shovel, Bill?" and the like. Young married ladies who are sure of their ground can of course be more racy of the soil, as occasion demands. If their vocabulary runs short, any enterprising under-gardener will no doubt oblige with a few private lessons.

The more considerate country hostesses now engage "spade-caddies" for their guests. These intelligent lads are of service in carrying the garden implements from flower-bed to flower-bed, and also—it is whispered—in keeping an eye on amateur disarrangements of the landscape. It is as well, therefore, to take their advice as to the lie of the various geranium or calceolaria plants that you may propose to dig up, or when badly bunkered, say, by a tree-root. As the end of October approaches, there is quite a furore for "pleasance-golf." The fun, it is almost needless to say, consists in uprooting a nine—or eighteen—*parterre* course with as few strokes of the spade as possible. It is best played in a foursome, as the Bogey score sometimes runs into four figures. A practised golfer will of course avoid "topping" and "slicing" her hostess's hardy annuals. The new lofting-spud will be found invaluable for all doubtful strokes and approach shots. It will ensure the "lying dead" of any lobelia or begonia you may be called upon to tackle. The "putting" into the flower-pot can then easily be effected with a trowel.

Lady spade-wielders must be prepared to encounter an occasional earthworm. There is really no need for fear, as these reptiles have never been known to bite. With a little firmness and manipulation the worm can usually be coaxed on to your neighbour's patch, if you can manage to distract her attention in the meanwhile. It is waste of time trying to discover which is the tail end in order to put salt thereon. If the creature appears recalcitrant and likely to cause a scene, the true sportswoman will keep her presence of mind, and retire slowly, and with dignity, behind the nearest bush. It is bad form to bandy words or enter on a personal struggle with a common or pleasure-garden worm.

All ladies who have any regard for convenience should take care that the baby-ribbons round the spade-handle match their costume, and that *écrus* or *batiste* frillings are continued down the shank as far as the blade. The instrument should be carefully wiped and scented with eau-de-cologne before being put away in its case for the evening. There it must be left in repose, as it is quite unnecessary to hand your treasure round the Bridge-table, or to exhibit it ostentatiously, should the same happen to be jewelled.

When digging, however dainty and well-turned your ankles may be, do not try to put both feet at once on the blade. Very few ladies can successfully imitate the spade-dance as seen in the music-halls. Also, avoid splashing, as the lady opposite, if you have a *vis-à-vis*, may resent having a shower of mould in her face. Practise at home until you are proficient in the moves before displaying your prowess as a clod-hopper among the landed gentry or the horny-handed nobility of the realm.

ZIG-ZAG.

NOTABILIA FICTA;
Or, Wise Words of the Week.

A LESSON FROM OVER-SEAS.

THE success of the New Zealanders in the football field is perhaps the greatest evidence of the value of the Simple Life that has been forthcoming in the last decade. These stalwart Colonials, who are always in the pink of condition, though they wear black jerseys, have never heard of Harris tweed or suffered from over-pressure. Need I say more? —*Sir James Crichton-Broune* in "The Daily Scare."

A LUMINOUS SUGGESTION.

The re-cementing of friendly relations with Germany is at the present moment by far the most important problem of our foreign policy. As a simple but impressive inauguration of the new era I should suggest that the street connect-

ing St. James's and Regent Streets should be re-spelt "German" Street.—*Lord Lonsdale* in "The Spectator."

OUR FRUGAL ARISTOCRACY.

On Newmarket Heath *Lord Boodle* had only a single pink Malmaison in the buttonhole of his exquisitely fitting pale grey frock-coat.—"Algy" in "The Perfect Gentleman."

THE DANGER OF "TIPPING."

Ladies do not realise how the system of "tipping" destroys the whole spirit and comfort of Club life. The servants themselves are degraded by this injudicious system. From "tipping" to "tipping" the transition only requires a single liquid.—"Araminta" in "The Woman Abroad."

A GREAT HISTORIAN'S JOKE.

The British cavalry, now that it is possible to get into it without examination, may be fairly styled "Our Headless Horsemen."—*Mr. Frederic Harrison* in "The Positivist Review."

HOME TRUTHS FROM TEDDY.

Non omnia possumus omnes. Golf is a game for Prime Ministers, Grand Dukes, plutocrats and professors. But a President might as soon do crewel work as frequent the links. Bear-shooting, bare-back riding, boxing—these are fit pastimes for the leaders of men. But to waggle a flimsy stick at a little ball and then miss it is unworthy of the strenuous youth of our great Commonwealth.—*President Roosevelt* in "The Oyster Bay Bulletin."

A TRIBUTE TO OUR FRENCH VISITORS.
Wherefore in strains of melody profuse
I, wearer of imperishable bays,
And weaver of unprecedented
rhymes,

Salute you, and your leader, Doctor
BROUSSE,

In this the latest of my loyal lays

Communicated solely to *The Times*.—*Mr. Alfred Austin*, in a sonnet addressed to the Paris Municipal Councillors in "The Times."

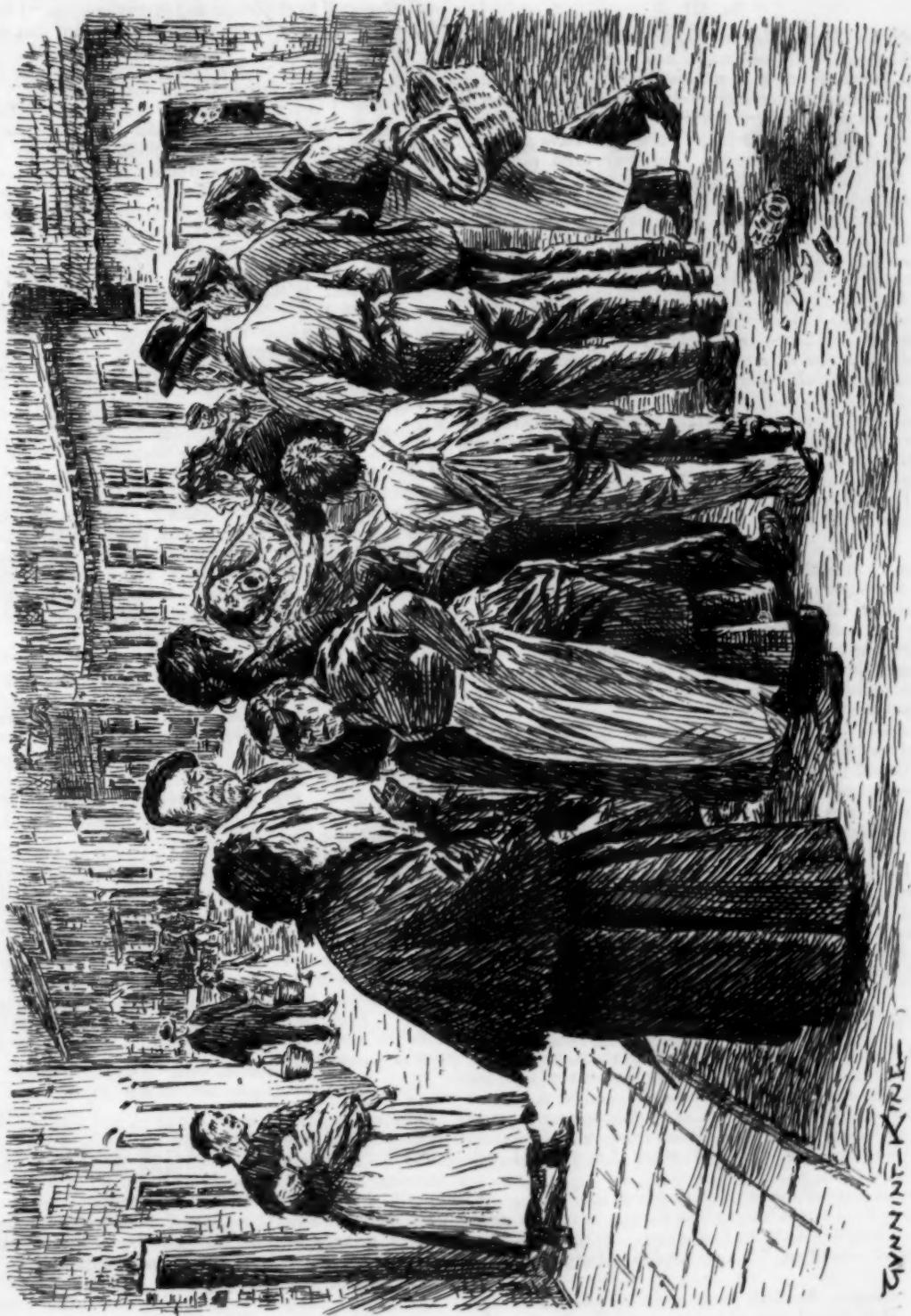
IDEAL CRITICISM.

Books should always be reviewed by their writers, for that is the only way to ensure that they have been read by the reviewers.—*Mr. Bernard Shaw* in "The Licensed Victuallers' Gazette."

More Commercial Candour.

EVERYBODY IS CRAZY
after

KILPANG
The Great 20th Century
TOOTHACHE CURE.



Old Lady. "How can you use such shocking language!"
Old Woman. "Beg pardon, M'm, but I be very deaf, and I caan't rightly 'ear wot I says."

A VOYAGE TO THE VINES.

No. III.

Aboard *La Hirondelle*, en route for Bordeaux, between 10 and 11 p.m.—With the exception of a group of three men and two ladies, forming a whispering, arguing, laughing, earnestly chattering committee, poring over maps and pencils, eager to hear casual witnesses and to take evidence with advice, the majority of our fellow passengers have gradually disappeared into their bunks. Perfectly calm night. I should like to read myself to sleep in my berth, but the electric light has been so craftily arranged that I foresee the trouble of having to get out of my berth to extinguish it. To do this involves thorough awakening; and what is the use of going back to your bunk when you are completely wide-awake? I decide to renounce the luxury of reading myself off to sleep in my bunk. Will finish reading outside: then when sleepy will extinguish light, i.e. turn out and turn in. This last-mentioned operation, which has to be at first performed with the extreme caution of an amateur experimentalist, may be ultimately achieved with consummate art. Kneeling, bending, doubling myself up, or rather, halving myself so that by stealthily laying myself out to advantage on one side I may get the maximum of possible comfort with the minimum of hopeless disarrangement of bedclothes. One thing is evident, that as I choose my side so I must lie on it. I close my eyes, feign perfect rest, until sleep comes and catches me absolutely napping.

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Morning. Splendid day. Out on the ocean, somewhere. Calm. Marvellous appetites for a meal at 8.30, which on shore I should have called a heavy mid-day lunch, only that we have tea, coffee, and porridge. Breakfast over, and all aboard fresh as larks ashore, that is, as fresh as uncommonly well-fattened larks would be after such a breakfast. Gulls and other sea-birds, having been out all night, look pale and tired; they are sleeping lazily on the water, yet they keep abreast of us.

Colonel and Mrs. Colonel are on deck.

Mrs. Colonel is in raptures about the gulls. "Beautiful! Such poetry of motion!" she exclaims.

"Divers!" cries the Colonel. "There they go!"

There they have gone. All disappeared.

"That was a red-breasted Merganser, dear, wasn't it?" asks the lady.

"No, dear, that was a Surf Scoter." Then, turning to JUDKIN and myself, whose attention the Colonel evidently wishes to attract, he says, "Curious thing, I remember off one of the Indian Islands seeing what I thought was a *Scotus*, but it turned out to be a *Merganser*, genus *Mergus*. I knew it instantly by its bill."

"One recognises many queer birds in that way," says JUDKIN. I nod to him patronisingly, as forgiving him this time, and the Colonel, quite oblivious of the pun, continues—

"Now a curious thing about these *Mergansers* and the *Smew*, too—by Jove, there goes a *Smew*!" and he points out to us something flying away, but as it does not carry round its neck a legible descriptive label from the Zoological Gardens, we take the Colonel's word for it, and ask inquiringly:

"What did you say the name of that bird is?"

"A *Smew*, Sir. Greenish patch in the eye, known in some parts as 'loons'—found 'em frequently in the Hebrides. When cooked—excellent!" And the Colonel appeals to his wife.

"Yes," answers the lady very quietly, "they are very delicate. But, dear," she adds reproachfully, "not to be compared with the dusty *Greenshank* and the *Squacco Heron*!"

"True. My wife's right. The *Squacco* is first-rate. I'm not sure," the Colonel says deliberately, looking round at his audience as if to challenge an adverse opinion, "I'm not sure that a *Squacco*, in autumn, isn't the best bird that flies."

His wife shakes her head at him reprovingly. "My dear WILLIAM," she says reproachfully, "you forget the *Épervier*."

"Lightly done through, on toast, perfect!" cries the Colonel. "I don't know how it escaped me. Yet it is a curious thing," continues the Colonel, looking puzzled, and addressing us as if for a consultation, "why the *Whimbrel*, the *Phalarope*, the *Knot*, and the *Dunlin*, should all choose this particular time of year to migrate, to travel across the sea, to go to Africa, or America, or Southern Europe, so that not one of the lot is to be found in the British Isles: not one," repeats the Colonel emphatically, with the air of a man resenting a personal injury.

"Dear me! is this so?" we say, at least I do. And I am inclined to blame Nature for not having consulted the Colonel previous to making her final arrangements.

"It is so," asseverates the Colonel, and, warming to his subject, he goes on putting to us questions as problems which neither individually nor collectively are we able to solve.

"Where's your *Little Grebe*?" says the Colonel warmly. "Where's your *Scalvonian Grebe*? Where's your *Eider*? Where's your *Pochard*? and where—look where you will in the north and see him every day up to now—where," finishes the Colonel, with an air of universal defiance, "where is your *Ferruginous Duck*?" Quite a small crowd has gathered about him and his wife, as the latter repeats sadly, "Ah, where indeed!" At this point a perfect stranger, a small man with a bristly beard like a convict, and a dull grey flannel suit differentiated from a gaol costume by the absence of the broad arrow, puts himself forward and asks in a husky voice, "What is a *Ferruginous Duck*?"

But the inquirer does not take much by his motion. Everybody turns, looks at the cause of the interruption, and laughs deprecatorily. The idea of anyone being ignorant concerning a *Ferruginous Duck*! And if ignorant, why expose ignorance by asking a question? This is conversation, not a lecture class. So *solvuntur tabulæ risu*, and our party disperses itself.

"Bless you!" says the Colonel to his wife as they walk away, "he knew what a *Ferruginous Duck* was well enough. I was ready for him."

Captain TWINKLER looms gradually out of his deck cabin. His jovial countenance lights up the deck as would a visit from the rising sun. Our Captain is a man of few words, and all to the point. Evidently he is much amused.

"Some people know a lot," says Captain TWINKLER, winking knowingly to himself, JUDKIN, and one or two other messmates. "I'd half a mind to ask our good friends if they'd ever come across a certain kind of old bird that ain't to be caught with chaff!" Then he soars to regions up above, where he represents the cherub that keeps watch up aloft for the safety of crew and passengers.

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Later in the day, when we are in view of nothing except an expanse of sea bare of any ships—and where they have all got to be a marvel to me—coming on the Colonel when he is "conning"—taking observations and making none, except to himself—I ask him to tell me whereabouts we are.

"Well," he says, frowning a bit as though he might possibly make a mistake by just the millionth part of a logarithm as to precise latitude and longitude, "I make it that we're just off Cherbourg."

Our Captain happens to be passing, and to him I repeat my inquiry, embodying the Colonel's information.

"Off Cherbourg!" repeats the jovial Captain, smiling; "see that haze just lifting there?" I do, and as the Captain



WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR BOYS?

Father. "Now, Sir William, I want Jack to go into business—his Mother wants him to read for the Bar. Jack's undecided. What do you advise?"

Sir William Grubbe. "You go into business, my boy. See what it's made me!"

Jack (emphatically). "Oh, Sir William, I've quite decided to take the Mater's advice."

speaks, the objects, two big rocks, loom clearly out of the very far distance.

"Let me see," says the Colonel, and there is, perceptibly, a slight and unusual hesitancy in his manner, "that ought to be Cherbourg, oughtn't it?"

"I won't venture so far as to say what it *ought* to be," returns the Captain, with just the glimmer of a wink at me, "or what I might want it to be. But that's *The Caskets*." And the Captain rolls up aloft, vanishes, disappearing into his watch-box.

"*The Caskets*, Colonel," says JUDKIN slyly. "Don't you recollect?—on which the *Portia* nearly came to grief in SHAKESPEARE's time."

"How ridiculous!" murmurs Mrs. Colonel, who having quietly approached now takes her husband below to comfort himself with tea and biscuits.

PROSPECTIVE NOVELTIES.—*How to get Thinner*, by the author of *General Principles of the Law of Corporations*.

The Tudor Loaf, by the author of *The Plantagenet Roll*. With a Table and Plates.

MR. CHARLES BROOKFIELD, who has recently returned from the Black Forest, says that it is not half so black as it's painted.

THE COON AND THE TIGER.

A SMALL dark Coon was walking one day in the desert for the sake of his appetite, when he ran full tilt into a large and comparatively healthy Tiger. The Coon realised, instinctively, that he would require to exert all his wits to keep things going on as satisfactorily as usual. And so he spoke up in a perfectly candid way.

"Good morning," he said to the Tiger, who did not answer but looked at him roguishly.

"The desert air is very fine this morning," continued the Coon, and the Tiger smiled in a humorous manner.

"But I derive no benefit from this very fine air," proceeded the Coon, "for I am ill. Yes, I have taken poison!" he went on, with a feverish look in his deep brown eyes. "Last night I ate a painful of strong arsenic which I mistook for whitewash. My physician tells me that I am so saturated with poison that, if anything only just touches me, nothing could postpone immediate death. If you, for instance, touched me with your teeth only it would kill you instantaneously. Nothing could postpone death!"

"Why wish to postpone death?" said the Tiger, cheerily. "I may tell you that I consider this meeting sheer good luck, for I am tired of life, and came out to commit suicide . . . Kindly stand still, so, while I spring. A little further to the left, please . . . Thank you!"



THE MACDUFFER GOES STALKING.—No. 3.

AS HE SAID AFTERWARDS, FLESH AND BLOOD COULDN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER,—HE SIMPLY HAD TO SNEEZE !

JOHN THE POST.

We live aloft in heatherland ; the only link we boast
With others, our brothers, is worthy JOHN the Post.
O JOHN, we watch the road for you and wait the moment when
We see you, like Jehu, come driving down the glen ;
For then with all the gossip of the countryside you feed

Our need ;

You never fail to sort the mail, and as you sort you read.

"Ye're comin' for a wee bit ride ? There's room upon the box—
Ou aye, Sir—jist try, Sir ! Sit in amang thae cocks !
That's richt ! As ye were sayin', Sir, it's bonny by Loch Dhu,
But then, Sir, d' ye ken, Sir, the spot they ca' Queen's View ?
There's aye a pictur' postcard in the mail-bag. Na ! no yon,"

Says JOHN,

"Jist stir again ! Aye, here is ane, frae Mistress EFFIE DON.

"Eh, Sirs ! I'm wae to think of it ! She's writin' here, ye see,
To HECTOR, th' Inspector, her brither in Dundee.
Puir thing, she's sair forsoughten, for her man's jist deid,

an' sae,

To double the trouble, her coo is deein' tae.

Her man was no great loss, mebbe ; he aye was gey an' fou',
But ou,

I'm feared her hait will break to pairt wi' sic a bonny coo.

"Aye, yonder's Castle Clunie. Na, the laird's nae longer there ;
He's let it to PERTITT, the mustard millionaire.

They say his shootin's wunnerfu'—the fouks are a' at one
Admirin' his firin' an' wond'rin' hoo it's done.

Aye, Clunie shows the mixedest bag o' ony shot this year,

Nae fear—

Ae sheep, twa hogs, sax collie dogs, ten gillies an' a steer.

"That minds me—I'd a wire for him—a lang ane, a' about
Some crisis in prices—we cudna mak' it oot ;

I studied it wi' LONEY—he's the postmaister—but, 'faith,
It lookit sae crookit it fairly beat us baith.
An' noo whaur is it ? I canna mind. Can I hae let it drop ?
But stop !

Nae doot I'll find 'twas left behind in PETER LONEY's shop.

"Important ? Dinna fash yersel' ; sae's ither things, ye ken,
An' PERTITT will get it next time I'm down the glen ;
'Twill likely be on Friday, for I'm busy wi' the corn—
Jist startin' the cartin'—I'll no be here the morn.
Weel, here's the 'Pleugh'—I'll no refuse a drap o' Hielan' dew
Wi' you—

Weak—half-and-half—Na, dinna laugh ! I'm 'maist teetottle
noo."

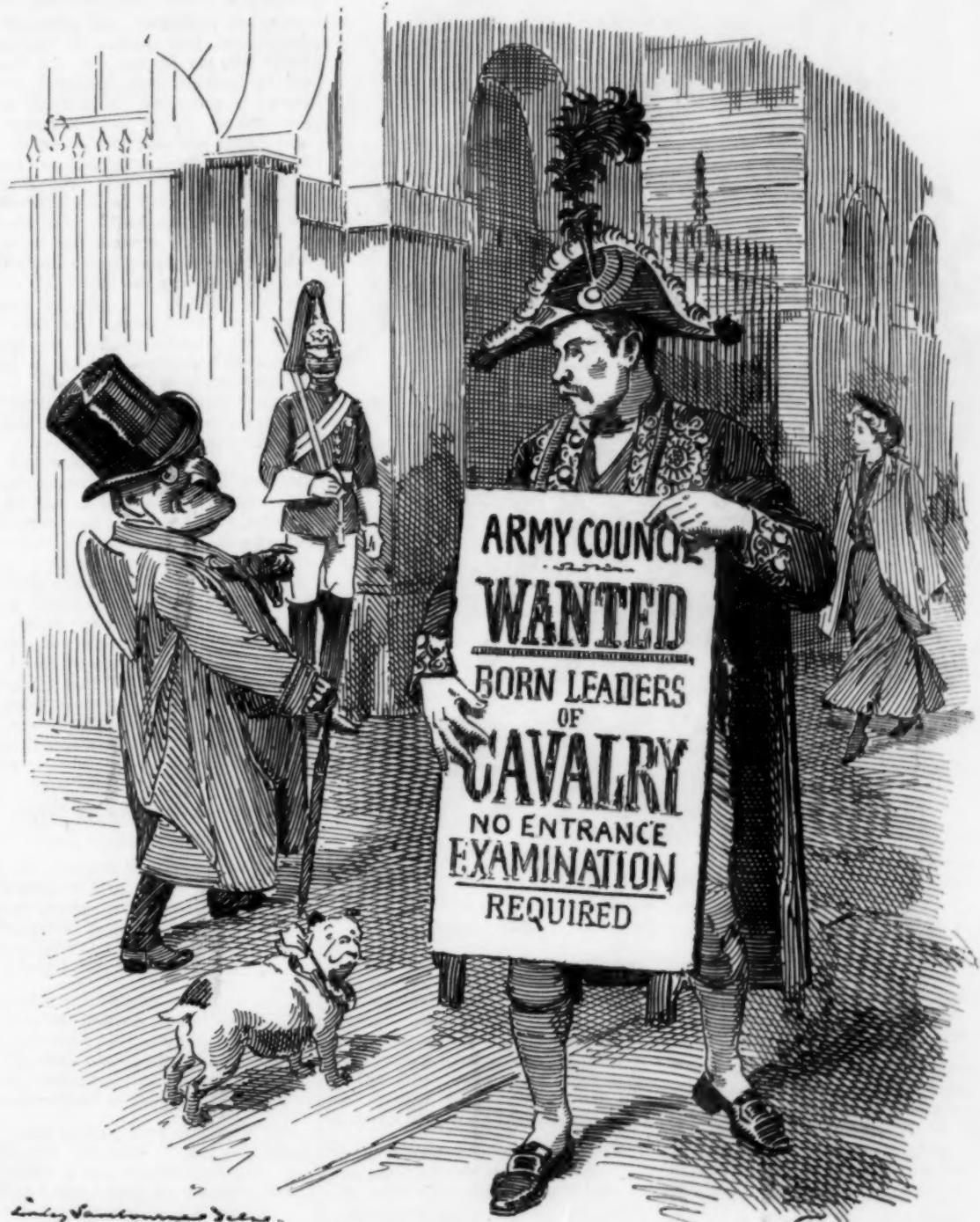
WANTED, the GIRL who helped a lady with a leg down a coalhole
on Sunday afternoon between 3 and 4 o'clock.

Manchester Evening News.

The descriptive phrase, "a lady with a leg," seems lacking in the precision which makes for recognition ; but the number of ladies, with or without a leg, who on any given afternoon would be likely to be "helped down a coalhole," must be very small. So the good girl is likely to get her reward. Unless—horrid thought—the leg belonged to *her*, and she is "wanted," in the more sinister sense, on a charge of having used it to help the lady down the coalhole.

NATURE NOTE.—A reindeer was recently born in Edinburgh. *The Daily Mirror* believes it to be the first reindeer ever born in the United Kingdom. What makes its position still more exceptional is that (according to the same authority) it was a *female* reindeer that gave birth to it.

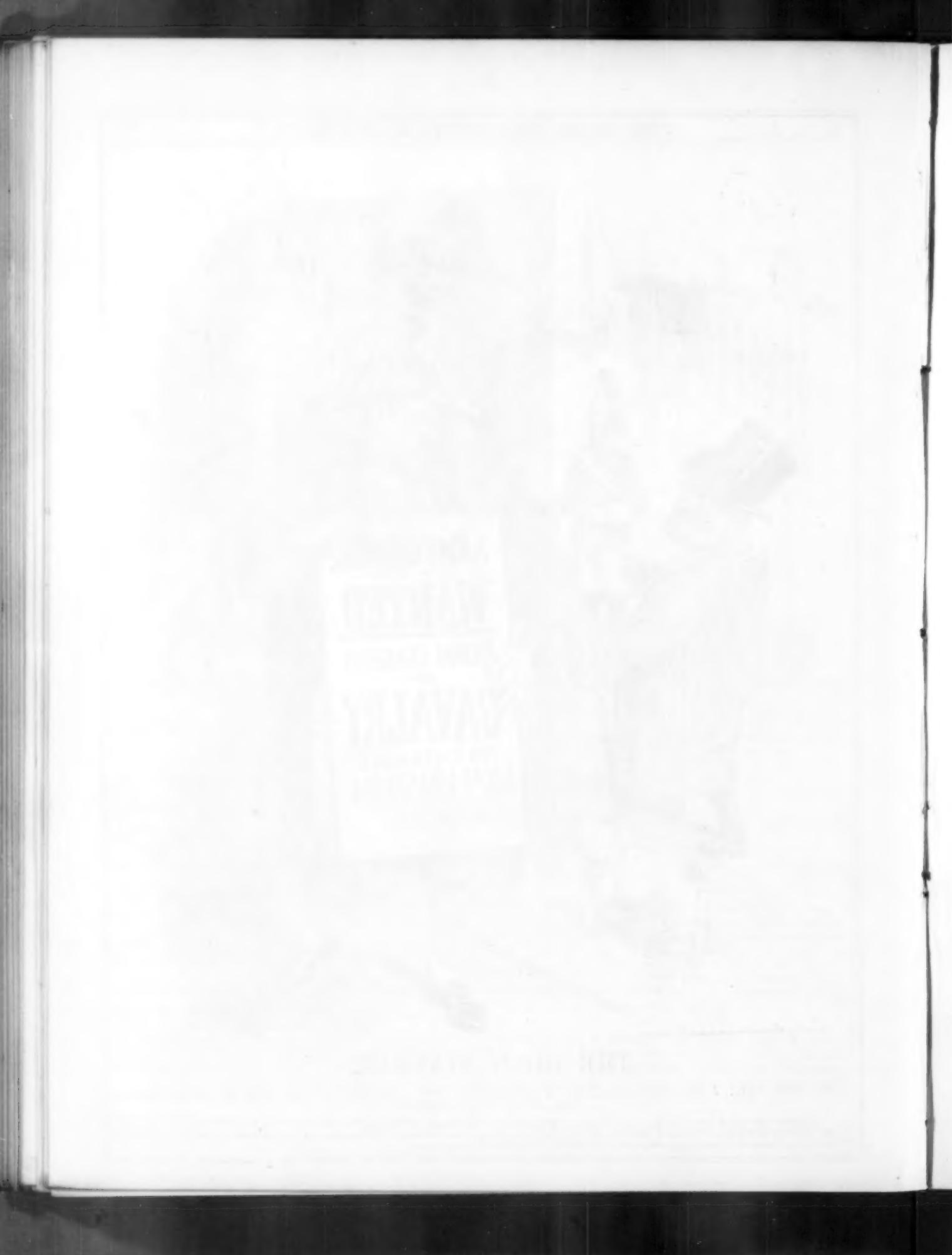
It is rumoured that Mr. A. J. BALFOUR proposes to compete on the Turf under the name of Mr. ARTHUR JAMES.



THE GOLD STANDARD.

MR. PUNCH. "AH! I SEE THEY'VE GIVEN UP THE BRAINS TEST. PITY THEY HADN'T THE SENSE TO DROP THE MONEY TEST INSTEAD!"

[Under a new order issued by the Army Council, candidates for commissions in the Cavalry—that branch of the Service in which we were told that intelligence was most needed—will be admitted, without examination, as probationers "if in possession of either a school-leaving certificate or a qualifying certificate of education," whatever that may mean.]



THE INTERVIEW THAT FAILED.

FOLLOWING the somewhat indistinct directions of a small and impertinent errand boy, we sought out the Great Man's chambers, and knocked at the Great Man's door. Receiving no answer or assistance from within, we admitted ourselves, and beheld the Great Man seated at his desk, with his back towards us. For a while we stood unobserved, till at last, by coughing for a third time with offensive noisiness, we attracted his attention.

Without turning round, he addressed us in the following gracious and outspoken manner "I have paid my Income-Tax, I cannot give you bread, money or Hospital Tickets, nor do I stand in need of anybody's Back-Ache Pills. You need not, therefore, stay."

"Excuse us," we replied, "we are neither tax-collectors, beggars nor touts."

"In any case," he said, "you will find the door behind you."

Encouraged by this genial welcome, we proceeded to the object of our visit, and arranging in our minds a series of questions as to the Great Man's past, present, and probable future, his own, his wife's, his children's, and his servants' Domestic Pets, we opened with the usual question:—"You are, we believe, the renowned Mr. ETTSETERER?"

"I am," he replied, "not."

Feeling that further interrogation was as unnecessary as it would be impolite, we wished our host a cordial "Good-night" and, whistling merrily, took our leave.

THE ALCHEMY OF INK:

or, Heroines à la Mode.

THE girl who put the damask rose
In point of loveliness to shame,
Whose purely decorative nose
Suggested petals of the same,
Whose locks absorbed the morning sun—
This lady has been overdone.

No longer novelists aspire

To paint CLORINDA void of flaw,
The pink-and-white complexions tire,
The sylph-like figures fail to draw;
To-day the daughters of their brain
Are introduced as "almost plain."

Yet, after reading for a while,
We find this mem.: "Her pallid face,
Thanks to a rare mysterious smile,
Was rescued from the commonplace;"
And (being there when this occurs)
The hero twine his heart in hers.

Proceeding, with a pained surprise,
We hear that Mr. TOMPKINSON
Observes a glory in her eyes
That has not glowed in Chapter I.
(Not mentioning the "Titian red"
That now transmutes her sandy head.)



CUB-HUNTING.

(Only a "retainer.")

Elderly Sportsman. "Here! Hi! You young cub, didn't I give you a shilling to catch my hoss?"

Young Chausbacon (keeping at a distance). "Zoo ye did, but it's another 'arf-a-crown now 'e be ketched!"

A laugh (accustomed to elude)
Exposes teeth resembling pearls
With more precise similitude

Than those possessed by other girls;
And vagrant blushes tend to flow
Through Chapter XXXIX or so.

She proves the goddess in her walk,
A grace attends her every act;
One notes when she begins to talk

The compromise of truth and tact;
While half her beauty seems to dwell
In what is termed a "subtle spell."

Till when at last the loyal swain
Has squared it with the archer-god,
And Love's true course runs smooth
again
After 300 pages odd,

When bells unite the lucky brace
And "Finis" stares us in the face—

Once more we mark the well-known tints
Connected with a peach's bloom,
The eyes that drop celestial hints,

The Peerless Type, in fact, on whom,
Lit by the sun's ingenuous glare,
There shines the usual golden hair.

▲ Chance for Collectors.

From the chapter on Museums in a book on Denmark by MARGARET THOMAS we extract the following interesting piece of news:—

"Entrance is free, the arrangements so excellent that no object in the collection can be missed."

MY TAILOR'S BILL.

'Tis ever thus. My noblest aberration
Results in wisdom—after the event;
I never yet conferred an obligation
Of which I didn't bitterly repent;
I never paid a tailor's bill
(And after this I never will !)
But that I shivered for the precedent.

* * * * *

Brief was the scene, yet moving while it lasted.
At the first shock, when he beheld the Boon,

The noble fellow looked quite flabbergasted,
Turned a pale green, and seemed about to swoon;
While all his chorused tailorhood
Marvelled, and praised me where I stood
Balmily beaming, like the bland, grave, Moon.

Anon, with watery smile and due obeisance,
He bore the rare and curious receipt,
And gave me peace; and I, in full complaisance,
Patted him thrice; and moved upon my beat,
Exuding merit, till the mood
Waned, and I felt strange doubts obtrude,
If, in my action, I had been discreet.

True that to such impulsive generosity
Self-approbation lends a fleeting charm,
Yet, save we learn to curb impetuosity,
Our afterthoughts will fill us with alarm:
For pauper's dole and Tailor's cheque
Alike may bring a soul to wreck,
And Charity may do a power of harm.

Ay, many a vessel's lot has thus been blighted;
Men have been moral, even to excess;
When lo ! a windfall came ! They got excited;
Threw off their cloak of frugal stodginess,
Rose up, and did so carry on
That they, and all their dross, have gone
Down to Gehenna, leaving no address.

I trust that no such prodigal backsliding
May lure my gentle Tailor to his fall.
The loss of one so patient, so confiding,
Would do me injury beyond recall.
His homely faith is much to me;
And, failing him, I fail to see
Whom I should honour, how be clothed withal.

And what if in his breast the Dun should waken ?
What if I have but edged his Vampire-tooth ?
And he should be so grievously mistaken
As to seek blood—more blood; and, void of ruth,
With foul and ghoulish lust assail
His unsuspecting clientèle ?

The dear gods hold him ! This from me, forsooth !
Myself, I fear him not. But much I tremble
Lest he should pass the news to other ears,
And round my gates a ravening horde assemble,
Sharp with the concentrated hopes of years,
Thinking (vain optimists !) to find
Their patron squeezably inclined,
Till I be wearied of their vile arrears.

It is such doubts as these that come in legions :
Such thoughts as these that pierce me to the core;
While deep, deep down in mine interior regions
I hear my muffled inward monitor
Mourning the loss of such a sum
To that financial vacuum
Which, as a child of Nature, I abhor ! DUM-DUM.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, October 14.—*Rigoletto*, that melodramatically effective opera, to-night. Madame MELBA singing; but even this, somehow or other, does not bring an overwhelming crowd. Yet the *prima donna* is a *favourite*, the opera is popular, the story well known, and *Le Roi s'amuse* in French, and *The Fool's Revenge* in English, have yet some hold on the stage. Can it be that the public, regarding the printed programme of the week's work, is suddenly struck by the awful appearance of a black hand with index finger sternly pointing to a notice stating that the Management earnestly requests every one to remain until the end of the last Act, or to turn themselves out, as neatly as possible, "during the interval immediately preceding it?" Laudable in intention, but absolutely impracticable. Who that cares for music and money, will consent to lose any part of what he has purchased simply for the convenience of others who certainly are utterly indifferent to what may become of *him* as long as *he* doesn't bother *them*? Why not let the vendor at the ticket office ask, "Can you remain till the end?" If the reply be, "I and my party *must* leave just when two-thirds of the last Act are over," then let seats be allocated to them in such a part of the house as will not be disturbed by their departure. The outside numbers of the Stalls, the back row of the Grand Circle, and certain Balcony Stalls, will meet these requirements. The occupants of Private Boxes can come in and out as they like (quietly, of course) without causing inconvenience to anyone. And remember, those who wish to support the Opera for the love of music are at liberty to take their seats, pay their money, and *stay away altogether* should they consider that their leaving too early, or arriving too late, might possibly interfere with the enjoyment of others. However, "that's as may be," and so back again to the Opera, though this notice must necessarily be somewhat belated, as, if *Rigoletto* be given again, the cast already announced will be somewhat different from the one now under review.

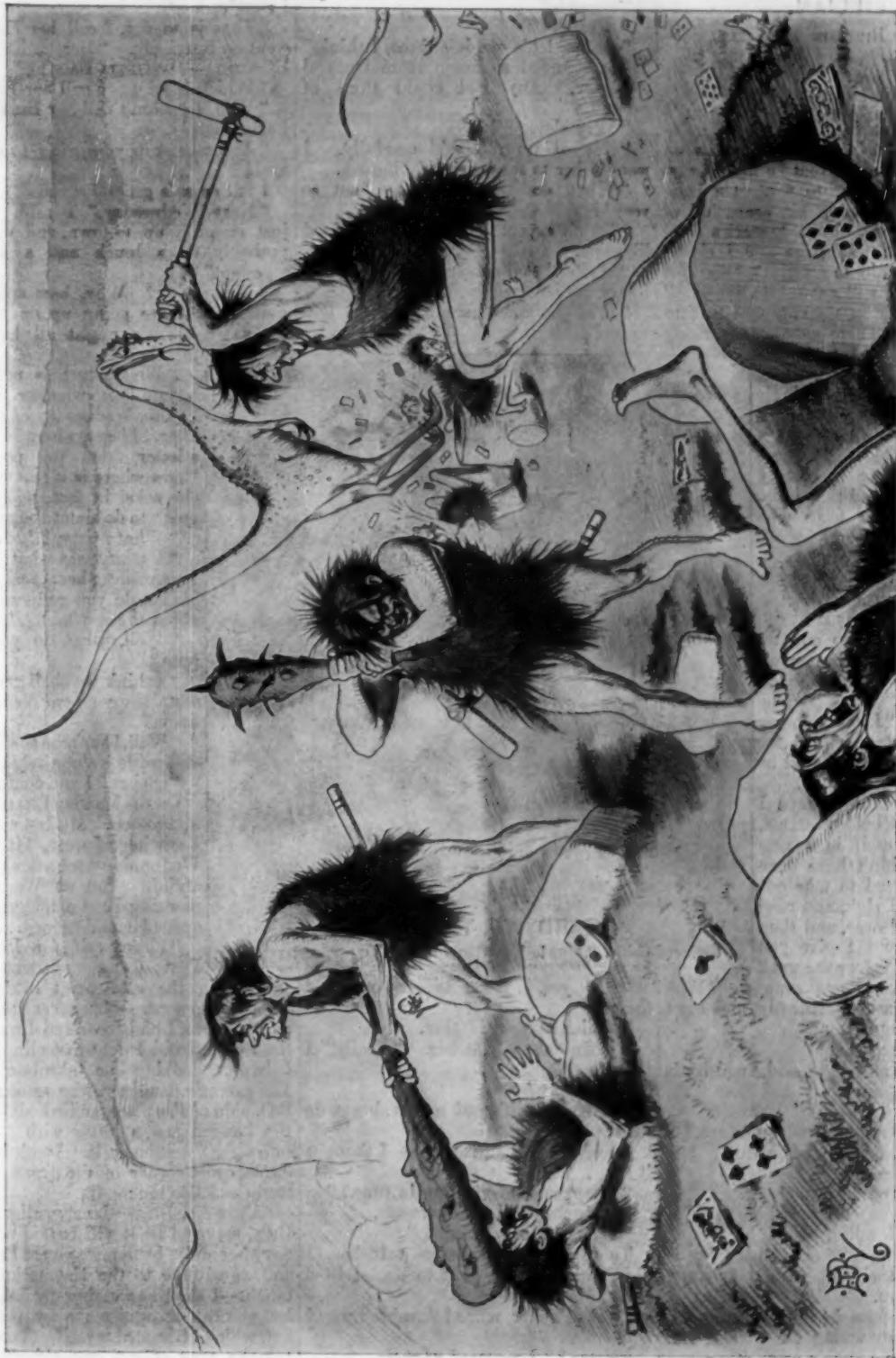
As *Gilda*, MELBA at her very best. Yet the audience did not respond. And this indeed is the summary of the evening's entertainment. Signor GIORGINI, as our friend *Il Duca*, did not make his hit until the last scene with *Maddalena* (Signora ARANDA, who has a fine contralto voice), when he fully atoned for any previous deficiencies.

As *Rigoletto*, Signor STRACCIARI was passable; "companions are odorous." Signor DIDUR's rendering of the music of *Sparafucile* was excellent. Apparently Signorina CAPELLI's view of the wicked old, or very middle-aged, *Giovanna* (do we not remember Mlle BAUERMEISTER's sordid avarice in this part?) is that she belongs to the soubrette order of light comedy. Such a novelty in rendering this part seemed to make Signorina CAPELLI somewhat nervous.

During the week the operas represented have been *Trovatore*, *Manon Lescaut*, *Aida*, *La Tosca* and *Un Ballo in Maschera*, whose record will have been already found in these "notes."

Inciting to Crime.

THE *Daily News* gives publicity to a letter "just received from Johannesburg by a prominent British politician." The writer, in language at once legal and colloquial, describes himself as "an interested party re the treatment of Chinese," and goes on to say: "I would not be a bit surprised to see them (the Chinese) rise some night and murder half the people of the country, and *as far as I am personally concerned, they would be quite justified*." What the writer has done to merit such violent conduct does not transpire; but even so, one cannot help feeling a strange admiration (faintly indicated by the italics) for the gentleman's astonishing frankness.



"GRAND SLAM" IN THE STONE AGE.

IT IS, FOR OBVIOUS REASONS, UNDENIABLE THAT A GREAT WAVE OF "PROGRESSIVE BRIDGE" PASSED OVER THE ENTIRE HUMAN RACE AT A REMOTE PERIOD. IT IS NO USE BLINKING THE FACT THAT WHILE IT LASTED IT WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR A MARKED "SET-BACK" IN THE CENSUS RETURNS.

LILLIAN.

IV.—A RIVAL IN THE FIELD.

If ever I find the author of *Jane Herring*, I shall probably treat him to something in the half-Nelson line. At present I am looking for him.

In *Jane Herring* the hero starts on page 253 pretending that he loves somebody else—*Margaret* to wit. On page 289 the heroine is in his arms, full of remorse, jealousy, love, hysterics and other emotions. At page 299 I closed the book and said to myself, "This is a good thing. I will go and do likewise."

The difficulty in my case was to find the *Margaret*. There was simply nobody in the neighbourhood that

LILLIAN would be jealous of; and, anyhow, all the single ones were engaged about three deep. Ours is rather the county for that sort of thing.

After thinking it over, I decided to pretend that there was somebody in town who loved me. I had, and indeed still have, a very regular correspondent in the West End, who writes most charming little notes. (The last one said: "Referring to our reminder of last month, may we ask what you propose to do in the matter?" The obvious answer was: "Let's go on as we are.") As a reward for his perseverance he should be my *Margaret*.

For the next few days I acted my part before LILLIAN, and TREE himself in a new make-up wouldn't have done it better. I used to take out my letters and sigh, and read them over and over, and then sigh again—and I give you my word that before the week was over LILLIAN was caught. "Who is she?" she asked suddenly, and I got out the landing-net.

"Who is she, DICK?"

"Who's who?" I said, which is really a quotation.

"Is she dark or fair?"

"I don't know what you mean," I said, pretending to be awfully embarrassed.

"Dark, I expect."

"Then you're wrong. She's got blue eyes, and the loveliest golden hair."

"Beautiful figure and all that?"

"Divine," I sighed, with a far-away look in my eyes.

"And I suppose she thinks games and all that awfully wrong for women, and walks about in a stately way—"

"She's most fearfully good at golf," I put in.

"What's her handicap?"

"Scratch."

"Scratch?"

"Oh no, let's see, it's three, I think." Three sounded so much more truthful somehow. Any fool could think of scratch.

"Very clever?"

"Not so very," I said carefully. I wanted her to seem decently human.

"What do you mean by 'not so very'?"

I hadn't expected to be cross-examined like this.

"Well, what do you mean by clever?" I said, rather smartly, I think.

"Does she make her own things, and so on?"

"ETHEL? I know one or two ETHELS. I wonder—"

"That is to say, I call her ETHEL," I went on hurriedly. "Her real name is HENRIETTA—HENRIETTA DAINTRY."

"Which is why you call her ETHEL?"

"Well, I couldn't call her HENRIETTA," I said sharply.

"And when are you going to see her again?"

I felt on safe ground again.

"Next Wednesday," I said. "I'm just running up to town, and we shall probably do a lunch and a matinée together."

"Wednesday? Why, how splendid! Father and I are going up on Monday for a week. We might all have tea together."

"Well, ETHEL is not quite certain yet whether it will be this Wednesday or the one after. She says here"—I took a letter from my pocket—"now where is it? Oh yes—she asks, in fact, what I am going to do about the matter."

"What matter?"

"Matinée was what I said. I am reading her actual words. 'What do you propose to do about the matinée?'"

"Well, what do you propose?"

"I think we shall get better seats if we go on Wednesday week."

"Well, I suppose she'll write and settle it definitely?"

"Oh yes," I said confidently.

On the Monday LILLIAN went up to town. My last words as I saw her off were, "It will be Wednesday week after all, I'm afraid." But on Wednesday morning I got a telegram. I opened it, and gasped. It ran:

"Please call for letter at Post Office. Forgot your address in the excitement of hearing from you so soon.—HENRIETTA DAINTRY."

As soon as I had recovered I made for the Post Office. I went in feeling—and, I expect, looking—an absolute idiot. The grocer's daughter, who manages the P.O. side of the place, smiled all over as she handed me a letter with "To be called for" written on it. I took it away into a quiet corner of the grounds, and read the following:

"DEAR MR. DICK,—I may call you Mr. DICK, mayn't I? It will be this Wednesday after all! I will meet you at Prince's, and we will go to the Haymarket after lunch. I shall be wearing my hair dark, but you can recognise me by the pink hat, which I trimmed myself. (You know I make some of my own things, don't you?) And oh, Mr. DICK, there's just one thing I want to say, and you won't



HEARD AT THE FAIR.

Tethered Critic. "Wot! TRAINING FOR THE BALLET, ARE YER?"

"Oh, yes. That is—er—some of them."

"Which?" said LILLIAN.

I looked sharply at her. "Really," I began.

"Musical?"

The technicalities of music always do for me.

"No," I said, emphatically. I thought it safer.

"I suppose she can sing in tune?"

"I suppose so," I said crossly.

"Well, that's something."

There was silence for a little. I didn't quite know what to do. I lit a cigarette.

"What's her name?" said LILLIAN suddenly.

"Name?" I repeated vaguely.

"Nomenclature," said LILLIAN.

"Er—ETHEL."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE *Discovery*, which set forth in the summer of 1901 to probe more deeply the mystery of the Antarctic region, triumphantly accomplished her mission. Captain SCOTT and his dauntless crew came nearer in touch with the South Pole than the foot-steps of man had hitherto carried him. Through two perilous winters, with the temperature so far below zero that the record seems fabulous, they made sledge excursions into the unknown. They added a new territory to the British Empire, naming it after King EDWARD, who, with the QUEEN, was among the last to bid the explorers farewell when, from snug anchorage at Cowes, they sallied forth. They solved the mystery of the Great Ice Barrier that baffled Sir JAMES ROSS. They came upon a magnificent mountain region undreamt of in man's geography. They enriched Science and Natural History by many prizes taken with dredger and gun. Here be great achievements. But my Baronite regards as their supremest triumph the testimony, splendidly renewed, of the indomitable-ness of the Britisher when he takes a tough job in hand. In his record of *The Voyage of the Discovery* (SMITH, ELDER) Captain SCOTT, whilst simply narrating the daily doings of himself and his companionship, makes light of danger and discomfort. Only once does he comment unfavourably on the situation. To do him justice, it was comparatively early in the voyage, before he had become inured to his hourly privations. As he was prospecting for safe harbour through the coming winter, a furious gale swept down. The ship was in close contiguity to a dangerous ice-floe, above which towered many bergs. So little control had they over the ship they could not alter their course by tacking. The wind blew with the force of ninety miles an hour. As evening fell they were helplessly driven down on a line of pack among several small bergs, raising in the driving gale clouds of spray that froze as it covered the anxious crew. This is pretty bad: so bad indeed that it leads Captain SCOTT to his solitary protest appearing in a book of a thousand pages. "Our situation was not pleasant," he writes. Pleasant is a good word. After this it is comparatively naught to read of the captain, caught in a blizzard, jotting down in his diary the remark, "I shall remember the condition of my trousers for a long time, they might have been cut out of sheet-iron." Or again, in other circumstance of temperature, "If one exhales a deep breath one can actually hear one's breath freezing a moment or two after it has left the mouth." The South Pole is all very well in its way. But to stand about *en route* in sheet-iron trousers listening to your breath freezing is a stiff price to pay for nearer acquaintance. Captain SCOTT set forth to beat the record on the southward track through Antarctic wilds. Hungry, thirsty, frost-bitten, scurvy-smitten, snow-blinded, he won his way. Not less plucky and uncomplaining were his officers and crew—a dauntless company worthy of such leadership. Written in the simple literary form in which brave men naturally narrate their doings, no more glowing narrative of adventure is to be met with in the English language. Its value is vastly augmented by nearly 300 photogravures and sketches, some in colours, taken on the spot by Dr. WILSON and Chief-Engineer SKELETON.

When folks get to praising a writer called "HANDASYDE" It shall certainly not be my function to stand aside. To praise him (or her) I am all the more willing. Since his volume (or hers) costs no more than a shilling. It is just—so to speak—a collection of posies, As fragrant as thyme, as attractive as roses; And the angriest man will abandon his scowls As he reads *The Four Gardens* (it's published by FOULIS).

Mr. ANDREW LANG has edited *The Red Book of Romance* (LONGMANS), but he tells us that "the stories in this book

were done by Mrs. LANG out of the old romances." It is a delightful book, full of gallant adventures, great excitements, fights, magic, splendid knights and lovely maidens. Mr. HENRY FORD has adorned it with beautiful pictures. Altogether it is as good a six-shillingsworth as any one can want to buy.

Most of us read Sir FRANK BURNAND'S *Records and Reminiscences* (METHUEN) when, in 1904, they appeared in a couple of volumes. Having in eighteen months run through three editions, which shows the public knows a good thing when it sees it, they are now being brought out in cheap one-volume form. Those who read the story before will like to renew the pleasure. For those who did not earlier read, my Baronite advises them straightway to run and order the book. Thus it will come to pass that, as of old times, he who runs may read.

Rarely nowadays do we get anywhere within hail of Christmas without being reminded of one of the most charming of all charming legends associated with the festive season by having brought before us some new edition of WASHINGTON IRVING's immortal story, *Rip Van Winkle*. This present edition, produced by Mr. HEINEMANN, is worthily got up, its first merit being the finely-printed and thoroughly legible letter-press. Mr. RACKHAM is in the main to be congratulated on the artistic character of his distinctly original illustrations. Unqualified praise the Baron can confer on all the drawings for their skill and technique, but he feels that the artist has in several instances failed to catch and reproduce the overpowering awfulness of the author's weird idea. The very last effect that the sight of these quaint grim-visaged old phantoms, solemnly playing their thunderous game of bowls, had on *Rip*, was to make him laugh. He was overcome with fear. About his gnome-like guide, for whom *Rip* carries the keg, there was something "that inspired awe and checked familiarity." This gnome, as represented by Mr. RACKHAM, is an odd-looking pantomimic mannikin, decidedly comic. When *Rip* finds himself among the queer goblinsque assemblage "his heart bounds within him and his knees smite together." Nothing grotesquely ludicrous in this description; yet Mr. RACKHAM's representation of it is more suggestive of a comic nightmare than of anything fearful. But apart from these dealings with the supernatural—a very difficult matter—Mr. RACKHAM's illustrations are charming in design, tone, and colour.

Mrs. COULSON KERNAN has a delightful touch when dealing with ordinary country life in Ireland, and it is just this capability of hers that makes some chapters of *A Village Mystery* (F. V. WHITE & CO.) pleasant reading. Otherwise the story is somewhat dull. "Missing caskets" are well-worn conventional "properties" of melodramatic romance, but the incidental sketches of genuine Irish character are the story's apology.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, practised novel readers in want of a relish, allow the Baron to recommend you *The Vampire Nemesis, and other Weird Stories of the China Coast*, by DOLLY THE BARON (author of *China Coasters*), which, contained in one small pocket-volume of Arrowsmith's British Library, will hold you enthralled for just about an hour before going to bed. That is the time for reading *The Vampire* and *Death Grips*. To ladies, perhaps, the place for settling down to these weird stories is the bed-room, before a good fire, within easy distance of bed.

